DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The New Year.

A gray old man toiled at the rope ;
Loud rang the bell and clear ;
The hour was midnight, and the time,
The passing of the year.

And as he tolled, the old man sang,
And laughed beneath his breath ;
He laughed and sang with glee, and yet
He tolled the knell of death.

"Old man," said I, "this shameless mirth
Seems sadly out of place;
A solemn chant, a dirge or prayer
Would mark a better grace.

"The old year dies weighed down with sin,
Weighed down with lives misspent,
Come kneel you down with me and mourn,
Come join in my lament."

"I mourn not for the past," said he;
"A new life I begin.
I do not ring the old year out—
I ring the new year in.

"Why do you wish to mourn and grieve?
This hour is not for tears;
The star of hope shines steadfast, pure,
Above the coming years.

"I laugh and sing for very joy,
And not with shameless mirth,
Good, sir, I toll not for the dead—
I celebrate a birth.

"Come turn your back upon the past,
And bid your grief begone;
The night is dark, but then, good sir,
Joy cometh with the dawn."

—*St. John's Church Quarterly.*

OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR ACCOUNTS

SELF STOCK-TAKING.

Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—HEBREWS 12 : 1.

In Jena, an old German town, they have a curious New Year's custom which, in some respects, it would be well for our young people to imitate. In ancient times, the ancestors of the Germans believed in a god which brought light and warmth into the world each year, overcoming the darkness and cold of the world. To typify this annual gift of the ancient god, on New Year's Eve, a huge pile of wood is placed in the market place in some German town, and around the pile people throng, bringing with them the things they wish to leave with the old year. At midnight the bonfire is started. The young folks dance, and after a while the crowd melts away, while from all quarters arises the glad cry, "Health to the New Year!"

Now, instead of feeding the bonfire, as their German brothers and sisters do, with old loveletters and keepsakes which have lost their value, *Success* would urge its young readers to consign to an imaginary bonfire, the bad habits, the selfishness, the little failings, which, taken one by one, seem so trifling, but which in the aggregate assume very large proportions—all those things which in the past year have clouded their lives, shadowed the sunshine of home, and debarred them from the full measure of success which they might have attained in building up noble characters, and in their business or occupation.

It is said that the wisest saying of the wise men of Greece was that carved in marble over the door of the Delphic temple: "Know thyself." Probably a larger number of people have failed in life, both morally and materially, from not knowing their own powers and weaknesses than from any other cause. To make the most of our possibilities, from the highest standpoint as well as from the lowest—that of a mere material success—we must know to a nicety how much we measure and how much we weigh.

The great majority of boys start out in life's race without cash capital. They have no crutches to lean upon; nobody to help them to get a start in the world. It is absolutely necessary, then, that at the outset they gauge themselves accurately, that they discover their vices as well as their virtues, their weakness as well as their strength. It will pay them to do a large amount of figuring and self-stock-taking, and there is no better time for this than the beginning of a new year.

We are standing on the threshold of a new year, and in the hands of the young people of to-day lies, to a large extent, the century, so full of vast possibilities, so rich in promise for the future of the whole race. It ought to be the aim of every youth in our land, of every individual, to start upon the new year free from all clogging vices or bad habits that would drag one down and prevent him from rising to meet the larger responsibilities, the more exacting demands of a constantly advancing civilization.

TAKE STOCK OF YOURSELF ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

If you have never before taken stock of yourself, begin to-day. Search yourself with an X-ray, and lay bare the faults or bad habits which are as weights to your feet in the great race of life. Be perfectly honest with yourself in this stock-taking. Do not exaggerate your merits or your defects. Do not try to cover your little pet vice as a thing too trifling to be considered in the balancing of your accounts. Adopt exactly the same method that you would employ in balancing a set of books. Do not falsify either your debit or your credit side. Find out to a fraction how your account stands, and your possibilities of success, moral and material.

HOW TO DO IT.

To illustrate, here is a youth whose success possibilities are represented by 100. He has health, ability, grit and push. He believes in himself, and thinks he is going to do great things. But, unfortunately, his manners are rude. In spite of his ability, his robust health and self-confidence, it is almost impossible for him to keep a situation. He is constantly antagonizing people by his brusqueness, lack of courtesy and tact. He does not know how to get along with his employers or fellow-employes, and fails to win their respect or liking. For this defect in his character, we must deduct five per cent from his "success" capital. A still graver fault is the habit of using profane language, which diminishes his capital by at least ten per cent. He has also contracted "the cigarette habit," which, in addition to being an extravagance in which he has no right to indulge, will ultimately prove detrimental to his stock-in-trade of health.

For this we are obliged to deduct another five per cent from his "success" possibilities. He also lacks method, system ; he does every thing in a loose, slipshod way. He is slack and untidy in his dress and personal appearance ; looks "seedy" and slovenly ; and, although people believe him to be honest, he does not inspire confidence, does not make a good impression. These failings cut off an additional ten per cent.

So we go on analyzing his character, cutting down for his weaknesses and faults, which have so undermined his strength that the debt side of his account is far in advance of the credit side, and, in spite of all the advantages with which he started in life, in spite of his desire to succeed in the race, we find that he has become a very ordinary, commonplace man, who has utilized not more than twenty-five per cent of his possibilities. When this youth began his career, he was, perhaps, utterly unconscious of his weaknesses. He had never taken stock of himself. He thought more of building up material success than of building up a noble character, and so failed in both.

SOME CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Here is another boy of splendid promise, so far as health, ability and education are concerned. But he has been careless as to the formation of habits, little dreaming that the almost invisible cords would become cables to bind him down. He has formed a habit of prevaricating a little, of deceiving customers a little as to the quality of goods, or of giving scant measure. He does not realize that the bad habits all belong to the same family, and that, if he admits one member, he will be likely to entertain the whole family. He becomes an eye-servant, a schemer, begins to take unfair advantage of the confidence reposed in him, and soon the blighting habits of lying and deceiving have so fastened themselves upon his young life that his character rapidly deteriorates, and the noble career which he might have carved out from his fine success capital is cut off before it has flowered.

Another brilliant youth starts out for his goal under the most flattering auspices. He always led his class at school and was graduated with honors. Everybody praises him, and predicts for him a remarkable future. But those very qualities which should have won for him a place in the foremost ranks of the world's great men, being unfortified by the noble soul qualities without which true success is impossible, prove his bane. He becomes puffed up with his own conceit, and, by his domineering, arrogant, self-assertive ways, makes himself offensive to those who work with him. He grows selfish, unsympathetic and cold-blooded. His whole horizon—north, south, east and west—being bound by self, he can see nothing beyond this narrow circle. He becomes so self-opinionated that he cannot take a suggestion even from his employer ; and, instead of attaining the high position predicted for him, his success capital has been cut down to so low a figure that he must be numbered among the great army of "might-have-beens."

HOW "TRIFLES" GROW.

Instances without number might be adduced to show faults which seem slight to the youth entering upon his career ultimately become the rock upon which the ship of his future is wrecked : how this one could not control his tongue, could not refrain from gossiping, saying cruel, cutting, unkind things about others, making stinging, sarcastic remarks' ; how that other one gave free rein to his temper, flying into a a passion upon the slightest provocation, and often when there was none at all; how still another, through not being prompt, not being on time at his work, fell into a habit of prevaricating in order to excuse himself, until finally these "trifles" grew to such proportions as to nullify many excellent qualities, and blight what might otherwise have been useful and happy lives. But enough has been said to show that youth must be constantly on its guard, not so much against glaring and flagrant faults as the lesser vices which lead up to them, and which, like noisome weeds in a fair garden, if once allowed to take root, choke and destroy the budding beauties of character which were ready to expand under the sun of righteousness.

THE GREAT HERITAGE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The young man who would prove himself worthy of participation in the rich harvest of the twentieth century, the fruit of the seed sown in all the ages, must rise to moral heights unknown to the majority of those who have gone before him. He must swerve neither to the right nor to the left, even by a hair's breadth, from the path of rectitude. He must, indeed, be imbued by that same spirit which animated Paul when he wrote to his Hebrew brethren: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—*Success.*

A Happy New Year.

Delight and pathos are inextricably mingled with the thought of New Year's Day. It is only a conventional point of time; any other would do as well. Every day closes an old year and begins a new one, but for all that we cannot help feeling that this day, which is agreed upon throughout Christendom for the beginning of a new year, is somehow unique. The pathos comes from the review of the past, and from the sense that another notch has been cut for us on the stick of time. The delight rises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come.

What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's Day.—*Boston Watchman.*

Speech in Chapel Exercises.

One of the most memorable features of the Morganton Convention was a discussion on the relative merits of signs and oralism for chapel exercise. Some of the oralists claimed the pupils taught under that system could understand and enjoy a chapel service if given orally, as well as, if not better than, when given in signs. One of the most important contributions to the debate was a brief but telling speech by Mrs. Balis, which "set the heather on fire." Mrs. Balis is one of the best lip-readers on the continent, and her testimony is therefore very emphatic and conclusive. Her remarks were cheered enthusiastically. Following is a report of Mrs Balis' address:—"I come here, not as a stranger, but as one who has lived thirty years among the deaf, and for more than thirty years I have been deaf. I wish to say that in all those years I have seen but two men on a platform whom I could understand I have been interested in this session and have tried faithfully to understand what has been said, but without the assistance of the interpreters it would have been an impossibility. I can sit and talk with Dr. Crouter or Mr. Thompson and enjoy the conversation, but when they come up here on the platform, I cannot understand a word. And those poor children ! If I were compelled to go to church and watch a man on a platform open and shut his mouth, I should go crazy. Suppose you stop your ears and watch me go through the motions of speaking, how would you like to be compelled to do it? You, who can hear, cannot realize what it is. The strain on the nerves and the strain on the mind is something awful. As we grow older, it is harder for us. I asked a deaf gentleman just now if, when he went to church, he would like to sit there and have the service spelled out or spoken. His answer was emphatic, "Nothing can be more f-l-a-t." I used to play. I know what music is and the charms it lends to a service. You forget there is nothing offered us in our chapel services which can take its place but the beautiful and graceful gestures of the sign language. Suppose you were obliged to sit here and watch a man, immovable and expressionless, steadily and automatically opening and shutting his mouth without emitting a sound. You'd soon tire of it. I have faith in the Oral Method for some; I would not discard it. There are children who understand remarks addressed to them, but there are more who do not, though they will say they do. I tell you this as one who does not hear. We deaf people have been through the mill and know whereof we speak. Make life happy for these children, do not spoil all their future, the time will come when they will be your Judges. I would not take anything for the ability I have to speak, but I also assure you I would not give up the sign language which has given me so much pleasure. It is a most beautiful and expressive language. I have seen children deeply moved by an address in the sign language. I have tried spelling to my pupils in chapel, and I have tried delivering an address by speech without moving them, and then I have given the same address in signs and they have understood and been deeply moved. Speech is a great thing, but the ability to write intelligently and read understandingly is far more important to the deaf. It is often claimed that the deaf understand a play at the theatre. We enjoy it much more if we have read the play beforehand, otherwise, unless we can see the acting, we do not enjoy it. And so it is in chapel services, we want to see something doing and not just a man standing there, like a wooden image wound up, his jaws moving up and down."—*Canadian Mute.*

The editor of the *Silent Hoosier* has the chip on his shoulder. Who will dare to knock it off? He says, "We expressed the opinion last year that the sign language was deteriorating. We think so still."

The editor does not say whether any effort should be made to stop further retrograding or to restore the sign language to its pristine purity and beauty. We are of those who admit the deterioration and lament it. So valuable an instrument of instruction and communication should not be suffered to lose its power. Its use will continue despite any opinion as to its value or beauty. The estimate set upon the language by the adult deaf, settles the question as to its continuance. If it is to continue, then force, grace, and beauty of expression should be sought for and cultivated.

In spoken language these qualities are much to be desired both in conversation and in public speaking. No less should they be sought for by those who use the sign language. It is not to be expected that those who desire that this language should entirely disappear will be moved by any arguments in its favor, but those who do not know its value and who will continue to use it and to enjoy its advantages, should use their best endeavors to regain whatever may have been lost and to further improve it.

A prominent teacher, some years ago, when the contest of methods was approaching the acute stage, and who was decrying the use of signs, was asked the question, "Do you understand signs?" The reply was, "No ; and I do not wish to. I think them very repulsive."

We have seen repulsive signs and we have seen most graceful and attractive signs both in conversation and in public discourse, and we have seen the most elevated thought presented through this medium.

We have heard repulsive words in ordinary intercourse and even on the platform, but the English language is sufficiently full and elastic to furnish fitting expression without resorting to anything offensive to the ear.

The individual character and temperament shine through the language used, be it spoken, written or signed. It is the fault of the speaker and not of the language if the thought is not put in presentable form

How to counteract any deteriorating influences and what means to use to make the language of signs a more perfect language is worthy the serious thought and effort of those who derive so much advantage from its use.—*Editorial in Maryland Bulletin.*

A Strange Story by Jacob Riis.

Jacob Riis, the sociologist, in an address to a workingmen's club, praised generosity.

"I see a handful of children here," he said. "May they grow up generous. May none of them grow up into such a man as the old banker whom I know. He is a millionaire banker and he lives in a palace, but his heart is as hard as steel and as cold as ice. One of his men completed the other day his twenty-fifth year of service. For twenty-five years this honest man had worked faithfully for the banker. He and his chief were both poor in the beginning, but where, in the quarter century, the banker had accumulated millions the faithful, middle aged bookkeeper had only accumulated hundreds. His salary, you see, was only $25 a week.

"He didn't think the banker would remember the twenty-fifth anniversary of his engagement, but the old man did. That morning he handed the bookkeeper a sealed envelope.

"'George,' he said, 'to-day ends the twenty-fifth year of your work for me and you have worked steadily and well. In this envelope is a memento of the occasion.'

"The bookkeeper opened the envelope, trembling and eager. Within lay his employer's photograph. That was all. In the face of a disappointment so bitter the poor fellow could say nothing.

"'Well," asked the banker, 'what do you think of it?'

"'It's just like you,' said the bookkeeper simply."—*Ex.*

Won a Place by a Whistle.

He was an odd looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, and his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper on the inside, but he piped away like a steam whistle, and carried the big snow shovel much as a soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" from an imposing-looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do better; but I've got to do the best I can, and the merry whistle filled the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused

"Just see the little rascal make the snow fly!" he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snow plow, and he does it well, too"

"What a little mite! And how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?" She called to him as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man, as he insisted on settling at twenty five cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went, with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took the shawl to the mother, and it was the husband who installed the sturdy shoveller as office boy, in a bright, new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.—*Selected.*

Signs of Good Breeding.

A bow should always be returned even though one may be mistaken for some one else and to give the cut direct is a discourtesy of which no person of good breeding should be guilty. It is perfectly easy to acknowledge a salutation with such dignity but brevity of glance as to plainly show that one does not care to have anything but a very formal acquaintance with the person spoken to.

A man always raises his hat when presented to a woman or to another man. He should always raise it when meeting or taking leave of a woman, when she first speaks to him for whatever reason, when he offers his services in any way, even though she may be a stranger to him, such as when entering an elevator where women are present or in opening a door for a woman to pass through In fact, a man cannot be too careful in showing this little act of courtesy whenever the least apology would be in order, says the Philadelphia *Press*

A man always lifts his hat when a woman under his escort receives some courtesy from a stranger or if she bows to a person that he is not acquainted with. He also raises his hat upon recognizing an acquaintance who has a woman with whom he does not know. A man should be as particular in bowing to his mother, father or sister, when meeting them on the street or in taking leave of them, as he would be with his friends or formal acquaintances.

Men shake hands with each other at introductions, women only when desiring to be especially cordial. A man, of course, always waits for the woman to offer her hand first, and if possible he should remove his glove before doing so if her hand is ungloved.

Women do not kiss each other when meeting and parting unless they are very close friends, and even then it is usually only done in private.

When acting as a woman's escort a man should pay all the fares and fees. When entering a street car or any vehicle he should allow the woman to precede him, assisting her as she does so. In leaving the car or cab he alights first, offering her assistance as she follows.

In all these forms of etiquette it is quite possible to at least lay the the foundation for their correct observance when those under one's care are merely boys and girls. If they become accustomed to good form and good manners when young, they will never dread the day when they must enter the more formal ways of society.

Self-Culture.

A noted professor in speaking on the subject of "Self Culture," has this to say :

The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The idle and lazy man does not count in the plan of campaign.

"My father worketh hitherto, and I work." Let that text be enough. Let your daily wisdom in life be in a good use of the opportunities, given you. We live in a real and solid and truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of ad kinds, which is at the best a painted lie Let whatever you are and whatever you do grow out of a firm root of truth and the strong soil of reality Never forget Paul's sentence : "Love is fulfilling the law." That is the steam of the social machine. Do one thing well, "be a whole man," as Chancellor Thurlow said "Do one thing at a time." "Make clean work and work and leave no tags." Allow no delays while you are at a thing. Do it and be done with it.

Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing that you do not mean to use. Never desire to appear clever and make a parade of your talents before men.

Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally if you have it ; applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned. —*Ex.*

HEBREW RELIEF FUND.

All contributions received *will* be acknowledged by publication in the columns of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and later forwarded to the Hon. Jacob H. Schiff, Treasurer of the National Committee.

Either mail or hand your contributions to the undersigned.

Very respectfully,

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RELIEF FUND.

[In aid of the Hebrew Sufferers in Russia. Marcus L. Kenner, E. Souweine and Louis A. Cohen, Committee.]

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Wednesday, Nov. 22d.		
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		$10 25
Thursday, Nov. 23d.		
Herman Alexander	05	
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Osmond Loew	25	
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		1 85
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Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1906.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL this week begins its thirty-fifth year as a purveyor of news and strenuous upholder of whatever promises to benefit and advance the deaf.

The deaf, of course, are sharers in the general prosperity. Whatever helps the people blessed with hearing, is sure, in a measure, to help the people handicapped by deafness. The only difference is that their deafness places them at a disadvantage. It is a condition that can be and is ameliorated in two distinct ways—educating the public as to the possibilities and capabilities of the deaf, which this paper always endeavors to do; and educating the deaf children, so that every mental faculty shall be fully developed, and the physical being so cared for and trained as to reach that condition which our professional friends denominate "*mens sana in corpore sano*," ("a sound mind in a sound body.")

The institutions throughout the country, of which there are fifty-nine, besides fifty-seven public day schools and seventeen denominational and private schools, all have been working to this end. The variety of methods employed really produces a healthy rivalry that stimulates progress in educational expedient and the pupils alike, provided that the method is judiciously adapted to the pupil and not the pupil to the method. There is, however, the occasional charlatan, who tells the public that by treating a deaf child as if it could hear, really enables the child to "hear with its eyes." This is just as absurd as to say that if you treat a blind child as you would a seeing child, the blind child will eventually "see with its ears." But we are thankful that even the most rabid of ultra-oralists, who have any acknowledged standing in the profession of teaching, never put forth such claims.

In round numbers there was an aggregate of thirteen thousand pupils in the various educational institutions of the United States during the year just closed. According to sex, the number of males slightly exceeded the number of females. It required one thousand five hundred teachers to carry on the work of educating these pupils, and of this number two-thirds were females. Only about fifteen per cent of these teachers were deaf, the hearing proportion being eighty-five per cent of all engaged in the work.

Over two and a half millions of dollars was spent, in the care and education of the deaf, in the United States, during the year 1905.

The aggregate value (estimated) of buildings and grounds of the institutions set apart for educating the deaf is fourteen millions.

It will easily be apparent that the education of the deaf is a task of tremendous importance to the nation. If statistics could be tabulated showing the gain to the different communities, and to the whole country, by the education of all deaf children, it would readily be seen that State education of the deaf is one of the most prolific economies.

In educating the public, conventions of the deaf play an important part, and our national organization—The National Association of the Deaf—is slowly and surely approaching to a systematic line of action between conventions, that it is destined in the very near future to have considerable influence upon legislative action concerning the education of our class of people.

Nor should it be overlooked that the smaller societies located in the large centres of population, are doing and have done a great deal for the benefit of the adult deaf, both in cultivating a broad and up-to-date intellectuality, and in giving helpful encouragement, advice and assistance to the weaker portion, who might otherwise become helpless derelicts on the stormy sea of life.

In this year of grace, nineteen hundred and six, we can point to the deaf of different States as examples of success, through whose charitable energy are maintained homes for the aged and infirm. And in every community you will find the deaf engaged in avocations that call for a high degree of skill and command a proportionately high pecuniary compensation.

The intellectual qualifications of those deaf employed in the profession of teaching, never before reached so high a standard, and never were there so many deaf people successfully prosecuting business for themselves, giving employment to their more favored hearing brethren, and earning the respect and admiration of the communities in which they live, than to-day.

In referring to the success of the deaf, we would like to emphasize the great advantage which a thorough and superior education always gives. It has long been the proud boast of the deaf, and those hearing people who are conversant with their educational opportunities, that nowhere in the world except at Washington, D. C., is there a college for their higher education. Gallaudet College may lay claim to a galaxy of bright minds that are making history for the deaf, holding positions of high honor and emolument, and keeping in the van in all active work devolving upon good citizenship. And, without exception, all these men (aye, and women) are the products of the "Combined System" of education.

Truly the cause of the deaf has advanced; for at the beginning of this New Year we find them enjoying and profiting by advantages and opportunities, educational, commercial and social, such as the most sanguine enthusiast in the middle of the Nineteenth Century never dreamed of. May the good work go on, and may all the deaf and their friends have

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

OUR Ohio correspondence, usually the first to arrive, this week comes in just as we go to press. We will double-up next week.

DON'T OUST WATSON.

Following is an editorial in the *Morning Oregonian*, of Portland, Ore., and refers to the School for the Deaf, at Vancouver, Wash.:

TO GOVERNOR MEAD.

Just a few words with Governor Mead: You have undertaken to remove from office the superintendent of the Vancouver School for Defective Youth. The superintendent is James Watson, who has been at the head of the school for eighteen years. You say he is incompetent and that there must be a change. But you will find it difficult to convince any of the hundreds of blind, deaf and dumb children who have fallen under the gentle and skilful ministrations of this man, and who have been taught by him somehow to see a world till then unseen, and to hear from and of a world till then unknown, that he is not competent. You are taking a very grave responsibility in turning out of doors the man who for eighteen years has had such relations with these unfortunate children, and who has the respect, the affection, the confidence and admiration of their parents, guardians or other relatives, who know from personal experience of the wonderful work he has done. You say that your motives are not political; but *The Oregonian* feels obliged to remark that it can see no other purpose whatever in your endeavor to oust from office a trusted and valued public servant. The charges your Board of Control makes against Superintendent Watson are trivial; or where they are not trivial, they are, *The Oregonian* believes, not well founded. If you persist in your effort, *The Oregonian* thinks you will lay yourself open to the justifiable charge that you are endeavoring to use the care and training of the blind, the deaf and the feeble-minded children of Washington, for your own personal and political ends. What do you think the parents, relatives, friends and sympathizers of such children will say about that sort of business? What ought they to say?

Don't do it, Governor Mead. You are making a blunder.

FAREWELL SIGNS, A LONG, SAD FAREWELL—DITTO FLAPJACKS?

We have, indeed, fallen upon evil times. One by one the roses fall. A Chicago physician, with that heartless devotion to science characteristic of his profession, has renewed the attack upon the much-abused and long-suffering pie. He also takes advantage of the occasion to put a taboo on soup and baked beans, and takes a most unfeeling slap at the pancake, otherwise known as the flapjack. These, claims the doctor, if saturated with syrup, make a very good poultice for external application, but are fit for nothing else.

And, to add to our misery at being deprived of the good things for the stomach, the sage who ornaments the editorial tripod of the Indiana *Hoosier*, has renewed the attack upon the much-abused and long-suffering sign language, and has solemnly announced that "the sign language is still deteriorating!" And somebody away out West, in California, perched upon another editorial tripod, whom we presume is, like the *Hoosier* editor, one of the big guns of the profession, calmly announces, as irrefutable, that "The day of the sign language is past. It ought to be past. The sign language is doomed."

Do you hear? It is *doomed!* DOOMED!! DOOMED!!!

And, as if this were not enough, still another eminent authority, perched upon the highest tripod of all, away down East, thunders forth in a recent issue of a high-toned periodical, a quarterly, we believe. Think of it, a quarterly—none of your small fry of the "little paper family," but a quarterly—he says, listen attentively, dear friends, "The truth is, the sign language has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

(Weighed by whom?)

That settles it! We give up. We collapse. We meekly submit, for we cannot contradict scripture. When a man fires Scripture at us we turn tail and run. It is the last straw, and—but is it not barely possible that our Scriptural friend may be mistaken?

If we err not in our historical reading, Scripture used to be quoted to justify the destruction of witches and heretics, and a few millions, more or less, of innocent persons, perished before the mistake was discovered. Perhaps a few thousands of the deaf will suffer miserably in consequence of this misinterpretation of the Scriptures on the part of our editorial friends. But what of that? The deaf are as putty in the hands of Fate, but Truth is eternal, and the sign language may prevail at last.

Deprived of our pie, our soup, our baked beans and our beloved flapjacks, at the dictum of science, what is left us but dry bread and water?

But, possibly, the people will not accept this dictum promulgated by a man, or men, who think *they* know it all, and we shall be enabled to enjoy our soup, pie, baked beans and dear flapjacks a few years longer.

Likewise the dictum of our editorial friends, East, West, and in the Middle, may be set aside by the deaf, and they may enjoy their beloved signs for, yea, many years yet, even until the aforesaid highly esteemed editorial authorities are dead and buried and forgotten.

Our editorial friends, with heartless devotion to their mistaken convictions, have doomed the sign language to eternal oblivion.

Note, however, kind reader, that they are all *hearing* men, and they presume to sit in judgment upon the happiness and very life of the *deaf*.

It is like the Czar of all the Russias sitting upon his gilded throne in St. Petersburg and presuming to decide what is best for the poor workingmen and peasants of a vast empire.

What does he *know* about them?

For results see the daily papers.

The Czar protests that he is working for the best interests of his people; but they want a voice in the proceedings.

Likewise our editorial friends, and a few others behind them, claim to know better than the deaf themselves what is good for them. But, like the poor ignorant peasants, and workingmen, the deaf desire a voice in the ultimate decision of their fate.

And they are contemptuously denied any voice at all.

Poor, ignorant, helpless deaf-mutes! They must blindly and meekly submit to be robbed of their birthright. They are perfectly helpless. Accordingly, we meekly submit and give up our beloved signs and dear flapjacks.

Such is fate. No use kicking.

'Tis sad, extremely sad, but the situation is not entirely devoid of humor.

For instance, the big gun of the aforesaid high-toned Eastern periodical, perched upon the highest tripod of all, giving as a reason for the annhiliation of the sign language says:—

"It requires *little mind* to learn it. * * * * or to use it after it is learned."

To put it plainly, learning the sign language is so easy it makes him tired. He wants something harder.

If this is true, how does it happen that ninety-nine out of every hundred hearing persons who try to acquire the sign language fail, utterly fail, to master it?

There are few exceptions, such as the Gallaudets, Peets and the Odebrechts, but they only prove the rule.

If, according to this editorial authority, it "requires little mind" to master the sign language, is not the conclusion inevitable that ninety-nine out of every hundred hearing teachers of the deaf have minds smaller than those of the deaf whose fate they presume to arbitrarily decide?

And are not the deaf justified in resisting the dictum of minds smaller than their own? For the deaf have no difficulty whatever in mastering the language of signs.

But that would be an uncharitable conclusion, and the deaf are not uncharitable.

The most charitable conclusion is that our editorial friends are perched too high up and cannot see the truth at their feet; that they have misinterpreted the Scriptures as has been done a thousand times before, to the abject misery of millions and millions of human beings, including the deaf.

The truth is, the sign language is one that requires at least a modicum of gray matter to understand, comprehend and use, and that those who can not understand it, comprehend it, or use it, are deficient in some respect.

Oh! yes, my friends, the sign language is *doomed!* DOOMED!! DOOMED!!!

Doomed to prove a thorn in the flesh for all who, sitting upon the heights of elongated editorial tripods, and looking down upon the deaf as legitimate subjects for vivisection and experiments, fail to take into account their chances of being mistaken, and ignore the FEELINGS of their innocent, helpless subjects.

Since writing the above, I have seen an item in one of the "Little Paper Family" which says that the authorities of the Michigan School shovel between 2,000 and 3,000 flapjacks into the hungry maws of their pupils every Friday night!

Think of it, flapjacks condemned by science!

Good for the Michigan School authorities. I hope they, also, with equal common sense, shovel a few signs into the craniums of their pupils every day in the week, especially on Sundays, despite the dictum of editorial roosters perched upon elongated editorial tripods.

MACGREGOR.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 25, 1905.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, JANUARY 7TH, 1906.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 Holy Communion.

St. Ann's Church, Bible Class, 2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Parish Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, Jan. 9th. Open to all.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

JANUARY 1906.

7—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:30 P.M., Ascension House, Fall River.

14—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., Grace Chapel, Providence, R. I.

16—3:30 P.M., New England Home, Everett. Holy Communion.

21—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's Chapel, Lynn.
4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Parish House, Beverly.

28—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. John's Chapel, Lowell.

Services every Friday at 3:30 P.M., at New England Home, Everett.

Confirmation by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., LL.D., at St. Andrew's, Boston, February 11th, 1906 (hour will be announced later.)

S. STANLEY SEARING,
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *Pastor.*

Sunday service at 7.30 P.M. Sermon, interpreted into signs by Mr. E. P. Clarke.

Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Club-Room Bulletin:

Jan. 5.—Impromptu Debate.
Jan. 12.—Marshmallow Party.
Jan. 19.—Reading by Mr. H. Beck.
Jan. 26.—Shadowgraphs. Tickets 15 cts

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 79 Milton Ave. Dorchester, Mass.]

The Christmas Tree Party held at the Home last Wednesday evening was a very successful affair in spite of the short notice given out. All the inmates were well remembered, by several useful gifts each. The credit for the success is largely dare to the ladies of the Charitable Relief Society, the society having appropriated a sum of money for the purchase of gifts to the inmates.

Mr. W. H. Green, one of the inmates, received among his gifts a check for fifty dollars from his nephew, and about twelve dollars from his Worchester firemen friends with whom he used to pass his leisure moments in their engine house for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Sawyer were unavoidably absent from the party. The Bostonians were very glad to see their giant friend once more—W. H. Krause, formerly of Boston but now of Northampton. He is here to attend the New Year's Party. Save his gray hair, he looks well and young in spite of his being sixty-one years of age. He reported having been to Oregon, where he had been following trails of prospectors, miners, etc., not for the sake of gold, but a good time, nine months.

St. Andrew's Mission had an unusually large crowd last Sunday. Miss Sadie Hall and Mrs. J. Hall were baptized.

A distinguished looking and colored gentleman of medium age, appeared at the Boston Society last Sunday, and introduced himself as Juan Fernandez, of London, England. Information elicited from him revealed that he is a Cuban, having served in the Cuban War as Captain of insurgents, during which he lost his bearing. He spoke of himself as being well educated, and gradnated at Kings College, London, Ontario. Natural signs and writing were used in conversation, and throughout he was very courteous to all inquirers and his bearing stamps him as a gentlemen of refinement.

A circular about the New Year's Party was handed to him, and when he had read it, he expressed his intention to attend.

Miss Carrie M. Culver, of Lynn, went to Nashua, both on business and pleasure, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Chapman dur ing the Christmas week. It being her first visit since she left there last July, after having lived there for several years. Although she has many warm friends in Nashua, she prefers Lynn, owing to its being near Boston, and frequency of socials in Lynn and Boston.

She was much pleased to find Miss Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, so popular at her Sunday School, as proved by a large number of Christmas gifts given her by her Sunday School friends.

Mrs. Millard, of New Hampshire, spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. J. Ryan, at the latter's home, in Lynn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lang had a merry Christmas with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, at the latter's home in Haverhill, the latter being the sister of Mrs. Lang.

The daily papers of last week reported the finding of a man's body on the B. & A. Railroad tracks, which was later identified as Julius Lang. So, naturally, many friends of his made inquiries as to whether the body was that of Julius F. Lang, of Lynn, but the latter relieved them of their anxieties by appearing at the Boston Society on time, well and happy as usual, last Sunday.

Messrs. Ovid Fecteau and Little are taking advantage of their Saturday afternoons in putting finishing touches on Mr. Fecteau's summer cottage, on Revere Beach.

The impression has been gaining among the deaf that an entertainment for the benefit of the Home, and N. E. G. A. entertainment fund, which the writer has planned, is to be given up this season. Such is not the fact. The only question is the date.

We regret to hear of the beautiful daughter, Madeline, of Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, taken illl with scarlet fever, and now at the City Hospital, and also the pretty and winsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perry, with an attack of pnuemonia, but the latest reports come that she has passed the criticial point, and is on the way to recovery.

At this point of writing your correspondent is present at the New Year's party, and found an unusually large crowd. Time will not permit me to give justice to every one taking part in the exercises, so a full account will be given in the next letter.

The Culver brothers, Herman and John, are taking advantage of a stock taking at their place of employment in Winchendon and are now with their parents at East Dorset, Vt., where they will remain till January 10th.

Rev. Mr. Packard announced from his pulpit last Sunday that Mr. Adam Acheson is now confined to bed and is failing rapidly, and the minister mentioned his name in his earnest prayer.

Baltimore

After a long silence caused by business cares, we once more take up our pencil, and will try to keep your readers posted about the happenings in Maryland mutedom.

Prof. E. C. Wyand, President of the Maryland State Association, passed through Baltimore Tuesday, December 26th, from Philadelphia, on his way to Washington and Gallaudet College. He had time to call and see ye scribe. He expects to lecture before the Clerc Literary Association some time during February, 1906.

The Baltimore Society held its Christmas Tree Festival, in its hall, Wednesday night, December 27th. Presents and refreshments were distributed to all in attendance, and a very good time was had by all. The Society holds its next regular business meeting January 3d, when new officers will be elected for the next term of six months.

The Baltimore *Sun* of December 27th, had the following:

"A Santa Claus who could talk in the sign language got down the chimney with a lot of presents, candy and oranges at the Eutaw Street Methodist Episcopal Church last night while the deaf-mutes of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, of which Rev. D. E. Moylan, is pastor, were holding thoir celebration.

"The program was given in the sign language, and near the end Santa arrived. He made a little speech, in which he said that Mr. Moylan had sent him word how good his boys and girls were and he straightway learned the sign language so that he could tell them how glad he was to come to see them and give them presents. He said he had a hard time getting down the chimney, but he was glad to be with them.

"Miss Barry, daughter of the late William R. Barry, teacher in the school for deaf-mutes at Frederick, was present, as were a number of people not connected with the mission. Santa Claus had presents for some of them also, including Rev. Dr. C. J. St. Clair Neal, Rev. James P Wilson, pastor of Eutaw Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and Mr. Geo. Bowers, the sexton.

"Those participating in the program were: W. H. Giles, Susie Sterner, Bessie Bowen, A. Klemn, Mary Nicol, Geo. Shipley, Stephen Sandeback, Willie Nicol, Henry Schleibaum, Miss A. B Barry, Frances Nicol, C. Augusta Klemn, J. Kimmelshue, W. Dilworth and Bessie Bowen."

Mr. J. A. Branflick acted the role of Santa to perfection.

The P. E. Mission will have its Christmas Festival Friday night, December 29th.

The Auditing Committee of the State Association meets at the Society's hall, Tuesday evening, January 2d.

Our popular friend, George Gallion, of Perryman, is now on the right road to fame and fortune. He purchased the moving picture outfit from Mr. Geo. Flick, and is giving exhibitions in the country towns with considerable success.

Rev. O. J. Whildin left this city Christmas morning for the South, to be gone for several days, on Mission business.

The Colored Mute Mission of the M. E. Church, Rev. D. E. Moylan in charge, will also have its Christmas Festival Monday night, January 1st, '06. In our opinion, Baltimore has the largest number of colored mutes of any city in the Union. There are about fifty or sixty, all educated, living in the city, most of whom are doing well in business, which is a great credit to their school located in this city.

Herman Koeing has so far recovered as to be able to leave the hospital, after being confined there since last August, suffering with a severe case of typhoid fever.

The officers and members of the Society wish it known distinctly that there was no raffling at its hall during the Oyster Supper December 13th. "Phlic" was not present, and we wonder how he got such information. Perhaps he refers to the Deaf German Club.

We have it that Mr. Neesam will lecture at the M. E. Church, Thursday night, January 11th.

A prosperous and Happy New Year to all.

Dec. 28, '05. J. A. B.

Poor but Honest.

Upon one of his tours Bishop Patter spent a few days at the home of a prominent churchman. The latter's wife took particular pains in making the Bishop's room worthy of the guest, and among other thing intended for his comfort put a fine silver toilet set on the bureau. The Bishop, however, preferred his own, and transferred the set provided to a drawer. The consequence was that when the hostess went to the Bishop's room after his departure the silver set was missing. She worried for several days, then finally summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the Bishop, asking if by any chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."

A Former Teacher Called.

The sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Lars M. Larson was received by her friends here some two weeks ago, but no particulars were to be had until a copy of a Santa Fe paper came to hand recently. The following is taken from that paper, which is dated December 5th:

"The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Larson will regret to learn of the death of the latter at 1:30 this morning at her home at the Territorial Institute for the deaf and dumb. Mrs. Larson came to to this city some eighteen years ago when she and Mr. Larson opened a private institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children. This work was continued by them until the Territory opened its Institute, when Mr. Larson took charge as superintendent and Mrs. Larson as matron. The position she has ably filled until her sudden demise this morning. The interment will take place from the Institution tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. The remains will be laid to rest in Fairview cemetery. Mrs. Larson was 46 years of age, and leaves be sides her husband, a mother, sister and two children. The sympathy of many friends is extended to the grief-stricken ones."

Mrs. Larson was formerly Miss Cora B. Gunn. She became deaf through sickness when five years of age, but was not placed here until she was eleven years old. She continued in school for eight terms and graduated in 1878. In 1885 she became a teacher here and remained in that position until 1893, when she resigned and was married to Mr. Lars M. Larson. She went west with her husband and lent him valuable assistance in establishing a school for the deaf for the territory of New Mexico, located at Santa Fe. The trials and hardships of this worthy couple in keeping up this school for many years were enough to make those less loyal to a noble cause give up in despair. And it was only within the last year that they succeeded in having the school recognized and supported by the territorial government. Mr. Larson was at that time officially appointed as superintendent and his wife was made matron of the school.

Mrs. Larson was a classmate of Miss Peek and Mr. Codman, of Chicago. While a pupil here she was very bright and learned rapidly. She was an excellent lip reader. In her home city she was popular in society and belonged to the Woman's Club of Santa Fe. She has many friends here who mourn her departure.—*Illinois Advance.*

Married.

DOPP—SHEEHY.

Miss Edna M. Dopp, daughter of Mrs. Neiser, of New York City, and Charles Sheehy of this city, formerly of Buffalo, were married by Father Robillard at the Church of the Assumption yesterday afternoon. Miss Dopp was gowned in white mull. She was attended by Mrs. S. Fred Parker, while Mr. Parker stood up with the groom. Mrs. Parker wore Irish point lace over silk chiffon.

The couple were the recipients of many presents, including a handsome gold watch and mahogany writing desk from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, a check from the mother of the bride, an oak rocker from Miss Mary O'Brien, a beautiful piece of china and a silver match safe from Thomas Higgins, a hand-painted sofa pillow from the parents of the groom, a cut glass berry set and numerous other articles from intimate friends.

After the ceremony the happy couple returned to their home, 22 Plain Street, where an excellent collation was served and a musical entertainment given by Messrs. Frank Van Dusen and Joseph Devlin. Mr. and Mrs. Sheehy will spend their honeymoon in New York.—*Albany Argus, Dec. 21.*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

BERTHA GALLAND IN "SWEET KITTY BELLIARS."

Bertha Galland appeared at the Academy of Music on January 1st for an engagement of two weeks only, has arisen, it is said, through the medium of David Belasco's play "Sweet Kitty Ballairs" to a greater height than she has yet achieved. Curiously enough it was intended that Miss Galland should have originally played the part of the imgenious Kitty, but it was not until this season that the arrangement could be concluded. It is now claimed that the characterization of Mistress Bellairs in the person of Miss Galland receives the best results yet attained by this young and talented actress. The play is founded on Egerton Castle's novel "The Bath Comedy." Its name suggests the atmosphere of the "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" and calls to mind the mixture of romance and adventure that center about the old "pump room" in the days when it was frequent by the leaders of fashion and those foremost in the world of letters. In this play Mr. Belasco is said to have been very successful in taking the spectator back to those times which were on the whole far less serious than the present. So different were they indeed, that it requires quite a stretch of the imagination to convince one that in one short century the manners and customs of people could so much change. In those days good fellowship was cherished and prized as now, and loyal hearts were pledged in cups deep and often. Indeed heavy drinking was held an indispensable accompaniment of the man of fashion and to refuse a toast was an unpardonable offense. The art of love-making was a far more delicate affair than now. It was a pastime for the "quality" a game of chance in which the wooer was the the gambler, with his lady love's heart the stake. It is this atmosphere which Mr. Belasco is said to have created on the stage in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." An admirable supporting company of 50 players and some exquisite and costly scenery and paraphernalia are among the many features of Mr. Belasco's production.

NEW YORK.

Watch-Night Observed by the Clubs.

UNITED FOR WEAL OR WOE.

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On Sunday evening, the League of Elect Surds held a "Watch Night" in their rooms, at 125th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Grand Ruler Thomas Francis Fox was responsible for the management of the affair, which was decided upon only a week previous.

Promptly at nine o'clock Dr. Fox called the assemblage rogether, and recited the following original poem :

ODE TO THE DYING YEAR.

Time speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leaflets sere—
Drops like the life-blood from our hearts ;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the tempie fall,
The eye grows dim, and strange to all,

Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrents in a stormy day ;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the trees and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they return no more.

Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the skies of day,
No mind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he
Like fiery steep from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age ;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

C. E. F.

Then followed "the intellectual feast and flow of wit":

The Captain and the Non-Com.—D. G. R. Alex. L. Pach.

"Minutes of the Passing Year"—G. S. Max Miller.

"Bills and Dues"—G. T. Emanuel Souweine.

"Memories"—Responded to by Bro. I. Newton Soper.

"Wives and Sweethearts"—G. C. Anthony Capelli.

"Our Little Ones"—G. C. Theodore I. Lounsbury.

Dr. Fox mads the last speech, beginning by reciting the first verse of Rev. I. Newton's famous New Year poem :

The New Year.

While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here :
Fixed in the eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

Bro. Fred. Hoffman, who was absent, visiting in Schenectady, N. Y., wired greetings to his brethren.

A bountiful repast was then served, after which other members present, including Bros. A. Ekartd, M. Korngold, L, Lowenstein, F. Knox, Culmer Barnes, Jr., H Schuermann also responded to toasts.

At twelve o'clock sharp the New Year—1906—was welcomed in true League of Elect Surds fashion. The members gathered around the flowing bowl and sang in concerted signs—

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear.
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine:
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guild willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

The watchnight held at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes Union League, proved to be a great success. Fully seventy-five deaf gentlemen and ladies were there. Nearly every one brought lunches with them. All sorts of games were indulged in. Besides, beautiful prizes were raffled off and money came in rapidly, swelling Mr. Louis A. Cohen's pockets, so that he was compelled to ask for bills in exchange for coins. Hot punch was served by our *chef*, Mr. Theo. S. Rose, and Mr. Louis A. Cohen had his eyes on the watch and when it struck twelve, all drank, wishing all a happy New Year.

The prizes were won as follows: Mr. Harry Dickerson, beautiful colored fruit dish; Mr. Isaac Moses, beautiful Japanese art frame and picture; Mr. A. B. Ernst, post card album; Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, Japanese silver toothpick holder and cigar-banded ash tray.

It was fully three A.M. when all went home.

Sunday evening, December 31st, 1905, witnessed the marriage of Miss Nora Annette Flynn, to Mr. Harry Thomas Holmes, at St. Francis' Xavier Church, in West Sixteenth St., Rev. Father McCarthy officiating. Promptly at a quarter after seven, when the church was crowded with between two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes and a like number of hearing friends and relatives, the couple, preceded by Father McCarthy and brought up in the rear by an altar boy, appeared before the Altar, and the knot was tied according to the Catholic wedding ceremony.

The bride was dressed in white satin broadcloth and caried a bunch of American roses in her corsage, and was assisted by Miss Mary Morris, who acted as bridesmaid, while the groom, arrayed in full dress, was assisted by Mr. Thomas Gallagher, who also was carried off to the reception, held at a Mrs. Henmon's residence, where were gathered their most intimate friends and relatives, who took up every bit of the space in the rooms, and there the remainder of the evening was spent in one of the most enjoyable affairs that the couple can ever remember. At twelve o'clock sharp Mr. and Mrs. Holmes left for their future home, which he has elaborately furnished. Among some of those present at the reception, were: Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Zeller. Mrs. Annie Scott Mrs. T Driscoll, Mrs. C. Murphy, Mrs. E. Jackson, Mrs. John King and daughter, Mrs. Morris and daughter. Misses Dorothy Mortimer, Mamie Hart, Mary Hasting, Misses Annie Gallagher, Margaret Kelly, Margaret Daly, Antonia Tagleri, Mary Yuick, Gertrude Turner, Clara Stern, Agnes Craig, Alice Judge. Messrs Alfred Turner, John Keiser, William Renner, John Morris, Thomas Gallagher and Alfred Stern There were also many others, but their names could not be secured.

It was with eager anticipation and pleasure that the deaf members of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church attended the Bible Class exercises on the 22d of December. There are few things in the society's work which brings greater gladness to their hearts than this annual feature of the Christmastide. Practically all the members were present, including a number of outside friends, and all expressed themselves delighted with the proceedings. The following program will speak for itself:

Prayer

The Sweet Old Story from the Four Gospels.....Miss Sophia F. L. Muller

Selections from the Apocryphal Gospels Mr. Charles T. Hummer

Hymn—"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,".....Choir of Young Ladies

Jane Maria, a Christmas Story by Mary Lowe Dickinson.....Mr. Wm. H. Rose

Awards of presents to the Class by the Pastor.

Award of $5.00 to winner of *Messenger* Bible Puzzle Contest.

Distribution of Christmas Candy.....

Gloria in Excelsis.....By the Class

Benediction.....

The class presents were awarded as follows: For perfect attendance—two books, "Eighty Pleasant Evenings," and "Social to Save," to Mr. James Avens; for second best attendance, to Miss Mary Branfuhr, "The Love Watch," and to Lester Jarboe, "Capt. January"; for excellence in scholarship and search questions, to Miss Sophie F. L. Muller, a year's subscription to *The Sunday School Times*, and to Mr. James Avens, a year's subscription to *Success*; for hymns, Miss Mary C. Pfeffer, a year's subscription to *The Ladies' Home Journal*; the *Messenger* prize of $5 00, offered by Mr. Ormond E. Lewis, for the best answers to the Bible puzzles, was awarded to Mr. Charles T. Hummer.

After the exercises Prof. Hendrickson, a magician, entertained the company for an hour with his arts of refined mirth.

As outlined in *The Messenger*, a feature of the occasion was a large basket to be filled with provisions contributed by the members, which will be carried to the platform of the church at the Sunday School Festival on the 28th, together with those of all the other departments. Last year over one thousand packages were received, and the canned fruits and delicacies for the sick lasted throughout the winter, enabling the church workers to give kindly assistance wherever prompt relief was needed.

The Christmas Festival at St. Ann's Church, Thursday evening, December 28, passed off every enjoyably. At half past eight an impromptu performance was given by the members of the First Aid Club. The stage was destitute of scenery, that being left to the taste of the enthusiastic and highly imaginative audience, and the superior acting made up for lack of proper stage setting. Mrs. Fosmire, and our only Albert V. Ballin carried off the honors of the evening, to say nothing of the boquets and choice compliments. Messrs. Stern and Renner, managed to catch a few poseys, the first acting to perfection the part of wayward son of Ballin *pere* and Fosmire *mater*. Renner, was the angel in disguise, a plethoric gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, with a bank roll equal to his girth extraordinary. He dispensed his easily-earned cash to the hard-up family and brought joy to the heart of the only child, Marion Ballin, by giving her a doll that could recite Homer's Iliad. Viola Ballin, for the nonce was the daughter of the trust magnate. Mr. William G. Jones, as Santa Claus, came in at the proper time and brought forth his treasure from his well-filled sack. At the conclusion, useful little gifts and confectionery were distributed among the audience, and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly with games and conversation.

On Sunday afternoon, December 31st, nearly three hundred deaf-mutes and their hearing children attended the Christmas festival of the Xavier Deaf-Mute Union, at St. Francis Xavier College, West 16th Street. Candies and presents were distributed. Thomas Grogan personified Santa Claus.

Saturday, January 6th, at 8 P.M. special services will be held in St Ann's Church. This day is one of the great feast days of the Church Epiphany Sunday, on which is commemorated the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles To the deaf this service should be of special interest. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain completes thirty-four years of service in the Church Mission to the Deaf. We urge the deaf people of New York City to come and help make this anniversary memorable.

Mrs. Lester Marshall, Jr. (*nee* Miss Lillian Dornblut) is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents and married sister, Mrs. Hewetson, of West Brighton, N Y. In company with two deaf lady friends of hers, they enjoyed the performance at the Hippodrome on December 31st. Mrs. Marshall's aunt and uncle, of South Norwalk, Conn., will pay her a visit in January. She returns to her home, near Hawthorne, Conn., early in the New Year.

George McKerahan, son of Mr and Mrs. McKerahan of 301 West 134th St., came home to his parents after being in Europe for the past seven years, doing acrobatic parts with Pantzer Brothers. George has broke away from the troupe for reasons best known to himself. He is now sixteen years old. His parents are delighted to have him back home and do not think they will part him again.

Marguerite, the eight-year old daughter of Mr. R. E. Maynard, was the youngest of eight who had been punctual in attendance at Sunday school the past year at St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y. The school numbers nearly six hundred scholars. As a testimonial she received a beautiful doll and workbasket, on the occasion of the Christmas Festival, on December 28th.

Ben. Taran, who left the Fanwood School about six years ago, and went to Chicago, is again in New York. He learned the baking trade at the Institution, but although he found employment the work hours did not suit him. He has been to Boston, got work on a farm, afterwards at cigarmaking, but is now hunting work of any kind.

Mrs. Persis Bowden, of Beverly, Mass., accompanied by her daughter Helena, who is a graduate of the Northampton School, visited the New York Institution on Tuesday, under the guidance of Mr John H. Keiser They returned home via the Fall River steamer, on Tuesday night.

Miss Ross, one of the teachers at the Mackay Institution, Montreal, Canada, is visiting friends in New York and Brooklyn through the holidays. She visited the New York Institution on Friday last, and was surprised at the size of the buildings and grounds and their beautiful situation.

The new club for the deaf, known as the Acorn Club, will give a Whist Party on the evening of Saturday, January 20th, under the efficient direction of Mr. Harry Gloistein. Several valuable prizes will be awarded, and a pleasant evening is assured to all who attend.

Miss Louise Turner, '09, Gallaudet, is in town for the holidays She was at the Christmas Festival at St. Ann's, and her one-time schoolmates were glad to see her.

The Rev. Harry Van Allen, of Albany, was in in the city for a day or two, and attended the Christmas Festival at St. Ann's. He left on Friday for his home in Albany.

Miss Florence A. Mason, after spending two months in Brooklyn, has returned to the paternal roof at Hurley, N. Y., for the winter months.

CHICAGO.

Mrs. Mills Tells About the Deaf of China.

THE F. S. D. BANQUET.

Club and Personal News.

[The North Western News Bureau, Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Central Post Office, Mgr.]

The Methodist Church was packed to overflowing by an interested audience to hear Mrs. Annetta T. Mills relate her story of founding the Chinese School. Mrs. Mills was Miss Annetta Thompson, one of the school teachers of Rochester, N. Y., when she married Dr. Mills, who had established a school for deaf-mutes in China. They went back to China to teach the Chinese deaf-mutes. In 1895, Dr. Mills died, and Mrs. Mills was left to carry on the work, which she did, and is doing heroically. The school was moved from Tung Chow, to Chefo, a port, with seven pupils. The magnitude of the task may be understood, when it is estimated that there are 400,000 deaf in China, and for whose mental and spiritual welfare the Chinese care nothing. It is a work that appeals to the pathos of the world and has the sympathy of the Missions of all denominations.

Mrs. Gibson, interpreting, we learned the following things. There are only fifteen boys at the Chefo School. More money for buildings and teachers is needed. There is no school for the Chinese girls, and one is much needed. The kidnapping of a deaf girl was cited to support this.

The Literary Circle of the Pas-a-Pas Club held its meeting last evening. The counter-attractions, F. S D banquet and Bible Class, cut into its attendance The following recited stories: Messrs. Arnot, Ritchie, Frank, Codman and Mrs. Watson. The election of officers was postponed till January 27th, and the present officers : Sidney Howard, president ; Mrs. Frank, vice-president ; Mrs. Watson, secretary; will run the affairs of the Circle, meanwhile.

Geo. E Morton, of the *Chronicle*, wishes it to be known that his latch-string will be out at 1676 McLean Avenue.

Many persons availed themselves of the complimentary tickets to "McFadden Flats" sent from Pach, through the Editor of the JOURNAL. *Merci !*

A. B. C. Quinn, of Marietta, O., has moved to Chicago, and may become a permanent fixture in the Windy City. There is quite a colony of Ohioans here.

Mr. Arnot's recitation of how three cowboys missed their Thanksgiving dinner was of the hair-raising order.

Mrs. Bowes, who has been confined in Columbus Hospital, is well enough to walk around.

Mrs. Codman has recovered from the injury to her foot, caused by a nail sticking upwards instead of downwards.

Every thing is being put in ship shape as far as the "Home" is concerned. E. P. Cleary, 212 Sandusky Street, Jacksonville, Ill., is Treasurer, and subscriptions should be sent to him. Mr. Codman is slated for lectures at Aurora and Elgin, the proceeds to go towards maintaining the Home. The *Advance* reserves one whole column for news concerning the Home.

Mr. Goldberg returned from a week's sojourn at Jacksonville, St. Louis and East St. Louis.

A new club has been started within the F. S. D., known as the "Acorn Club," with already fifty members to start with.

"From little acorns big oak trees grow."

Mr. Cokefair left for Michigan City to visit the Cross Brothers and Mr. Hayes. He sent "Windy City" to the Chicago *Journal*, as the name, he thought would likely win the prize of twenty-five dollars, and an annual ride on the new three-thousand passenger boat, being built to ply between Chicago and Michigan City.

Two visits of the stork have put a damper to the journalistic aspirations of "Pitti Sing," Michigan City's "Sweet Singer," so that N. W. Bureau's attempts to angle for a sub-correspondent in those waters have been in vain.

The receipt of one of those newfangled post cards from O. H. Regensburg, depicting a bathing scene in the surf, at Venice, shows that they reached the land of sunshine and flowers safe. It is now hot there as it is in July in Chicago.

Mr. Sidney Howard was Supervisor at the Rochester School, where Mrs. Mills taught, while Messrs. Keeler and Gorey and Mrs. Kleinhans, were pupils. They were glad to meet again.

From a culinary or intellectual point of view, the F. S. D., banquet held in the Windsor, Clifton, was a success. Below is appended the menu :

Blue Points
Consomme with Rice
Gherkins Filet of Halibut au gratin
Potatoes Natural
Roast Tenderloin of Beef
Demi Clare
Brown Potatoes Green Peas Claret
Cream Cheese
Crackers Coffee

The toasts :

TOASTS.
Francis P. Gibson, P. G. P.
Toastmaster.

Greeting—"Bow Wow".....John H. Geary, G. O.
The One Hundred and One.....Charles W. Kessler, D. P.
The Grand Divison, F. S. D.....John J. Kleinhans, G. P.
Our Guests.....A. R. Schneider
Brother Divisions....Bro. Charles E. Itskin
Looking Backward.....Washington Barrow, G. T.
Looking Forward.....G. A. Christenson, G. C. S.
The Frats' Stronghold—Chicago.....Frank Spears, D. S.
The Acorn Club—"Watch us Grow".....Bro. John P. Dahl
Brothers Everywhere.....John Schorr, D. V. P.
Our "Sisters".....Bro. Ernest Reineke
1901 vs. 1905.....Bro. Oscar Pearson

Impromptu.

The friends of Mrs. Otto Paulding, will be sorry to hear of the death of her mother.

Mr. Schroeder's father died and was buried to-day.

The Christmas tree was a success in spite of my announcing it a fizzle. The reason was that overwork at the Post Office made it impossible for me to be on the spot and see for myself.

Mr. Byrne, of Wisconsin, has secured a position here as printer.

Miss Dues, of Racine, Wis., is visiting relatives in Chicago.

So is Mr. Harsh, who tells a good joke on himself. In Dr. Gillett's time, he was requested by the Dr in chapel to bring the overcoat belonging to a gentleman, Dr. Alcott, that was next to the stuffed turkey in the library. Misunderstanding the order, Harsh, brought the stuffed turkey in the chapel, instead. [Tableau.]

Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, of Kenosha, Wis., were visiting Chicago for the holidays. Charley will try and boom the JOURNAL in Kenosha.

Misses Weisser and Morrison of St. Louis are visiting Mrs. Grout, at 4749 Calumet Avenue.

JAS. I. SANSOM.

Glad to Help.

At morning service, on December 24th, at St. Martin's Deaf-Mute Mission, Trinity Church, Toledo, O., the Rev. Austin W Mann read to the congregation the following words of the new Rector, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, D.D., L.L.D.: "I bid you God speed ; and am very glad, indeed, to have you use Trinity Church and Parish House for your services, socials and lectures. I hope to do something for the Work in the Mid-Western District when I get things straightened out."

Stick to It.

Quite as large a proportion of the deaf, we presume, as of any other class, possess the virtues of perseverance and, to use the current phrase, stick-to-it-iveness, but a fair share of them also lack those excellent qualities, without which success is impossible. Every summer we come across one or more of our ex-pupils, who have the intelligence and skill to enable them to attain to conspicuous success in whatever avocation they select, if they would only stick to it long enough, but who fail because of their roving disposition. They try first one job and then another, and because at the beginning they do not get as good wages as their fellow-workmen, who, by years of application have attained to superior skill, they become dissatisfied and leave. This is a very common and fatal error. No employer will give the highest wages to a beginner or to an unskilled workman; but when once a man becomes a master of his trade, he will never have any difficulty in securing employment at the highest remuneration. As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there to success; this can be obtained only by following the well-beaten track of steady application and patient perseverance.—*Canadian Mute.*

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES.



Electric Flash Lights.

Electric Vest Pocket Searchlight.....85 cents, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50
Electric Flash Lights.....1.50 to 2.00
Electric Scarf Pin Lights.....1.50 and 2.00
Electrically Lighted Clocks.....3.50 to 5.00
Electric Bicycle Lights.....2.00 to 4.00
Electric Gas Lighters.....2.00
Electric Dashboard Carriage Lights.....5.00
Electric Candle Lights.....3.00 to 5.00
Electric Home Lights.....3.00
Electric Head Reflector Lights.....4.00
Electric Physicians' Pocket Sets.....3.50 to 5.00
Electric Cigar Lighters.....3.00 and 4.00
Electric Watchman's Lanterns.....5.00
Electric Book Lights.....3.50
Electric Ruby Lamps for Photographer..3.50 and 3.50
Electric Medical Batteries.....1.00 to 12.00
Electric Walking Cane.....5.00 to 6.00
Palo Clocks (Wonder of the new century).....6.00 to 8.50
Electric Burigar Alarm for the protection of travellers.....2.00

W. E. Shaw, Electrician,
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BOSTON MASS.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Sports of the Christmas Holiday.

THE CO-EDS ENTERTAIN.

The Dramatic Club's Play.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, Dec 30 — The weather during the past week has made it seem more like fall than mid-winter. At no time since vacation began has the ice on the Fish Ponds or the Basin been over half an inch thick. Hence the sportive student has had to fall back on basketball. There were a few wrestling matches Christmas morning, and the rest of the week the forenoons were taken up with basketball, with the Co-eds generally over to see the games We made an error when we stated that the position of some of the electric lights in the gymnasium would put a stop to basketball. Those which were in the way can be removed.

Those who made the trip to Cabin John and Great Falls last Sunday, returned after the supper hour, all reporting having enjoyed themselves and the country air There were thirteen in the crowd, yet no disaster befell them Most of the crowd took dinner at the Great Falls Tavern, but Stewart, '99, and Rowse, '06, coming across a fruitful persimmon tree, lingered by the wayside to forage, consequently reaching the tavern after the supply of edibles had been exhausted by the earlier arrivals, and had to raid a nearby grocery for supplements to the persimmons

The lecture on "The Reign of Terror and the Abbe Sicard," given by Rev. C O. Dantzer, '86, Friday night, was well received Rev Dantzer favored us by remaining until Saturday afternoon. It is a source of regret that he was unable to extend his visit.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Harley D. Drake, '04, and Lillian Swift, '05, at San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday, December 24th last. The couple will make their home at the California Institution, at Berkeley, in which Mr. Drake is head supervisor of boys. The best wishes for a long and happy wedded life are extended to the bride and groom by their many friends on Kendall Green.

On Christmas night, at the home of the bride's parents, in Sutton, West Ontario, Mr. Isaac Allison was married to Miss Edna Pauline Sturtridge The newly wedded couple will be at home on Thursdays, after the 1st of February, at 1727 North Capitol Street. The many friends of our popular Instructor in Engineering extend congratulations and wish him success in his new venture.

The Co-eds entertained the other side of the house with a social Christmas night, from 8 to 10.

Wednesday night the Jollity Club gave a living-picture exhibit. Some of the pictures were manifestly very much alive. Some of them squirmed, some blusned, some smiled and others giggled outright And all were enjoyed by the audience

Those who took part were Misses Fritz, Dickson, Thornton, Tade, Peel, Neldon, Jones, Kilgore, Britt, Frost, Leveck, Johnson, '09, Long, Hargeus, Johnson, I C, Gregory, and Roath The committee on the affair consisted of Misses Peel, '08, Tade, '07, and Leveck, '09

A two-act farce, a product of the genius of Dan Merrill Reichard, '06, was given in Chapel Hall, on Saturday night, under the auspices of the S. N. D C.

The whole play was written by Reichard during the past week, and rehearsing did not begin until two days before the presentation. Yet there has not been a play productive of more amusement given in Chapel Hall for years, the audience being kept in a constant state of mirth.

The farce had a novel ending. The central figure was being chased for an act of villiany. Finally overtaken in the centre of the stage he was seized apparently by the coat. His captor, however, unrolled a strip of paper, suspended from his coat collar, showing the words "Good Night," and the curtain went down with the whole group of characters executing a clog dance under it.

Mr. Reichard deserves great credit for the writing and the successful management of the play.

The characters:—

A Dutch Jew, middle-aged, yet full of deviltry—Daniel M. Reichard, '06.

A buxom and belligerent Irish woman, evidently his spouse, and physically powerful enough to throw him out of the window—Cadwell. I. C.

A red topped constable—F. C. Horton, '07.

A winsome, but exceedingly gullible young lady—Tomlinson, '08.

An Ethiopian damsel—prize cake walker—Davis, '09.

Young Colored Sport, also an adept at cake walking—Hinch, '09.

Colored Waiter—perfectly willing to take abuse in return for a $20 tip—Hinch, '09.

Swellest specimen of a Dude, who keeps the wolf from the door of the tailor, florist and tonsorial artist—Hinch, '09.

An unfortunate youth, the much-smitten incarnation of indiscretion—Irwin, I. C.

Misses Neldon and Jones, '08, and Gregory, I. C., entertained their friends with a party, Tuesday afternoon.

The college girls here celebrated Christmas in a way to remind them of their childhood days. They had a Christmas tree, hung up stockings and the like, and had no end of fun.

Miss Daisy Henderson. '06, spent a week with her Baltimore friends at the home of Rev. and Mrs Whildin. She returned reporting having had the jolliest kind of a time

E C Wyand, '02, paid us a visit during the week, and Mr Duval, of Baltimore, was also a visitor on the Green for a couple of days.

Messrs. Neesam, '04, Rowse, '06, Lindstrom, '09, and Horton, '07, took supper with Prof and Mrs. Hall, Thursday, the 28th.

Since parting company with that promising young mustache of his, Sayles, '06, has been cultivating his habit of dining out to an extent that is turning Binkley green with envy

The committee on the purchase of new books, consisting of W C Fugate, W. W Sayles, and C. L Clark, '06, have added the following to our Library:

Tales from Dickens—Hattie Erminie Rives.
The Conquest of Canaan—Booth Tarkington.
Miss Billard's Inspiration—William Dean Howells.
A Southern Girl in '61—
The Marriage of William Ashe—Mrs. Humphrey Ward
The Wheat Princess—Jean Webster
Sandy—Alice Hegan Rice.
Leffy—John Luther Long.
The Young Man and the World—Beveridge
The Fugitive Blacksmith—Charles D Stewart.
The Wood Fire in No 3—F. Hopkinson Smith.
The Westerner—Noah Davis.
Zal—Rupert Hughes.
Plain Mary Smith—Henry Wallace Phillips.
The Gambler — Katharine Cecil Thurston.
Heart's Haven—Katharine Evans Blake.
The Biography of a Grizzly—Seton Thompson.
Rose of the River—Kate Douglas Wiggins.
Fishermen's Luck—Van Dyke.
Essays on Application—Van Dyke.
Salve Venita—Crawford.
Jules of the Great Heart—Lawrence Mott.

T. S. WILLIAMS.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

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1829 W. ONTARIO STREET.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—
First Sunday of the month, 10:30 A.M.
Evening Prayer and Sermon—
Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Every Sunday (except first of the month) 3:30 P.M.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3 30 P M, on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV M. R MCCARTHY, S. J

BUFFALO.

1905–1906.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, at 4:30 P.M., on the following Sundays :

DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	
10	7	4	
24	21	18	
MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
4	1	13	10
18	15	27	24
	29		

You are cordially invited to attend regularly.

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

The Silent Lady.

Oh, the sun was very bright,
But the road was very shady,
As we took the bend to right—
The writer and a lady.

And the spring was in my blood,
And my blood was in a riot,
But the lady—Oh, my Lud!
How she promenaded quiet!

For I spouted streams of talk
Till my throat was well-nigh cancered,
But the lady of this walk—
Well, she never, never answered.

When I asked, "Don't you admire
Our Admiral Decatur?"
She, in silence, built a fire
And parboiled a sweet potatur.

"Have you read," I shyly coughed,
"The works of Emile Zola?"
But she only stopped and quaffed
From a mug of coca cola.

When I tried her with the sea:
"Oh, to be a dashing skipper!"
She produced a handkerchief
And redusted off her slipper.

And whatever theme I chose,
Or however much I'd boister,
She stayed pretty as a rose,
But as silent as an oyster.

Wasn't this too bally rum?
Don't it keep you guessing, queering?
Was the lady haply dumb?
Or was I, e'en, hard of hearing?

—H. S. H.

How One Man Increased the Nation's Corn Crop.

Throughout the corn belt Professor P. G. Holden is known as the man who, more than any one else, has improved seed corn so that our greatest crop has been increased by millions of bushels. The work began twenty years ago, when Professor Holden, then a college student, was teaching school in the summer. His pupils were all children of farmers He heard the parents talking about poor corn crops and corn failures. He wondered what he could do to improve the yield.

One day he asked his class, "How many hairs are there on a rat's tail?"

One child said "ten." Another said "fifteen." A third said, "a hundred." No one knew.

"How can you find out?" asked the teacher.

"Look in the dictionary," said one.

Finally a boy held up his hand and said, "Teacher, I'll catch a rat and see."

"That's the only way," said Professor Holden

That night there was a rat hunt in the Michigan village, and the next day every child shamefacedly reported that there were no hairs on a rat's tail. This experience taught the pupils to investigate and to observe

Next, Professor Holden asked every child to select an ear of corn from his father's crib and bring it to school. The pupils brought the corn. The teacher graded it. The child whose corn was the poorest went home and told his father. The parent, after remarking, "What does the teacher know about corn? He is paid to teach arithmetic," came to see the teacher. When he saw the ears of corn that were fuller and richer that his own, he realized that the teacher was right.

Professor Holden then asked all his pupils to plant three seeds of the best corn in a box, and water it. The boy whose father had the finest ear was among the most enthusiastic. The children nursed the crop carefully. The result was a crop packed with large kernels. Then the pupils' fathers became interested, and planted special seed corn. There were no more failures of corn crops.

Professor Holden beame Professor of Agriculture at the Illinois State Agricultural College at Champaign. He remembered the lesson of Michigan farmers. In a year, through his efforts, the Illinois farmers were careful about sowing the best seed corn, and soon the farmers in Iowa, and in fact throughout the great corn belt, were becoming experts in seed corn.

Near Bloomington, Ill., is the 20,000 acre farm of Funk Brothers, the largest in the United States. Twenty thousand acres are devoted to corn. One day Professor Holden was visiting the farm. "What is your average yield?" he asked. "Forty to fifty bushels," he was told. "But it should be more," he said. He showed the Funk Brothers how to select the best seed corn and to plant it carefully.

On the 20,000 acre farm, an increase of five bushels an acre a year meant a small fortune. Professor Holden became director on the farm. From some acres he raised seventy bushels an acre. The increase in yield the first year was 10,000 bushels!

This year Prof. Holden preached the gospel of corn to the Iowa farmers from a special train. As a result, millions of bushels of corn have been added to the State yield. The work which began with a class of farmer's children in a Michigan country school, is now effecting an improvement in the methods of agriculture throughout the United States.—*The World's Work.*

To Get Rid of Rats and Mice.

A Pittsburg paper gives the following: Some one inquires how to get rid of rats and mice. Some twenty years ago I had charge of a two-thousand acre stock farm out in Indiana, and one morning counted one hundred and twenty rats about the stables, cribs and hog pens. I knew I must do something, and so tried an old remedy, which was as follows: On a very large number of pieces of old shingles I put about one-half teaspoonful of molasses, and on that with my pocket knife I scraped a small quantity of concentrated tye, and then placed the old shingles around under the stable floors, and under the cribs. The next morning I found some forty dead rats and the rest vamoosed the farm and left for parts unknown. I have cleared many farms and ranches of pests in the same way and have never known it to fail.

GERMANY.

In no place in the world is Chrismas so ideal as in the Fatherland. The whole nation wakes the the spirit of the time. All of the squares and many of the streets are turned into miniature cedar forests, for thousands of evergreen trees, fastened in little wooden bottoms, are brought to Berlin from Thuringia, where their growth is a regular business.

They begin early to get ready for Christmas in Germany. Many weeks beforehand the making of clothing for the poorer children begins. Then comes a "distribution day" when these little children march in and receive their presents of clothing, for which they are very grateful, kissing the hands of their benefactors and wishing them every blessing under the sun.

About a week before Christmas the market places are given up for the sale of Christmas gifts and ornaments. This they call Christ-Markt, for the German people teach the children that all the Christmas gayety is because Christ was born and that he always remembers all the little children and sends them these gifts

Just before Chrismas a rather alarming looking individual, dressed oddly, and carrying a great bag and a bunch of twigs, stamping and with a stick in hand, comes to each house demanding to know if the children "have been good and said their prayers." If the answer is "yes," their chances for Christmas presents are good; if not, a stick from this bunch of twigs is supposed to be used as a penalty. If the children have deserved reward, the big mysterious bag is opened and quantities of nuts are thrown about, for which the children scramble and a general "good time" follows. This yearly visitor usually is some friend of the family and is known to the children as "Ruprecht."

There is a pretty belief among the German little folk that Saint Nicholas' duties end here, and that the "Weihnacht Mann," or the Christ-Child, brings them their presents.

There is something else that each little German boy and girl has at Christmas time, and that is *Pfeffer Kuchen.* It is a sort of spice cake with nuts in it, and it is made in all sorts of shapes. There are large squares and stars and circles, cows, horses, and elephants.

Every child must eat of this, and so they plan all the year to get enough money to buy it. They save all the spare pfennig (one fourth of a cent) and give them to the baker who will bake this cake at Christmas. He gives credit to each child for the money, and at Christmas the children are sure of this cake of the season, which has three varieties according to quality and coat. Think of eating a "first," "second," or "third," class cake!

Every family, rich or poor, manages to have a tree, and Christmas Eve in German household is a most touching as well as beautiful sight. At a given signal, the door leading into the festal room is thrown open, while the family, including the servants, enter and circle round the table, on which stands the brilliant tree, singing "Heilige-Nacht" (Holy Night), one of the most beautiful hymns ever written, while even the air breathes out a Christmas perfume owing to a twig of the tree which has been intentionally burned before the door was opened

The children gather around the tree, while their papa tells them the story of the Baby who was born in Bethlehem, so many years ago, the Christ-Child whose brithday we celebrate. Then the gifts are taken off the tree, and each child gives something to papa and mama, if it is only a paper book-mark or a pretty card. Children must all give their parents something, if ever so simple. Little kindergarten children give something they have made at school for them, and those who are old enough write little verses for their parents on illuminated paper beautifully decorated with pictures.

The curtains are not put down in these German houses on Christmas Eve, so that a visitor can walk about the streets and look inside the homes where all this happy celebration is going on. These trees are kept over till New Year's when they are all lighted up again and the windows are again left so that everybody outside may enjoy the home festivities. In some parts of Germany it is the custom, on the morning befor Christmas, to have a figure, representing the Christ Child, go past the window of the room where the children lie asleep. They wake, perhaps, in the early light, and fall asleep again, thinking they have seen the Christ-Child.

In Germany Santa Claus's helpers are the godfathers. All the little German children go to their godfather's house, and there they find a little manger cradle with a Christ-Child in it, and gifts for every child. In one part of Germany the people bind a great wheel with straw, and take it to the top of a hill by the river, where they set fire to it and start the blazing wheel down the hillside. The children watch eagerly to see if Santa Claus remembers them, and guides their wheel safely down the hill to the river.—*Plan Book.*

One of the Deaf Men.

Deafness is largely a matter of habit. I know men who cannot hear you two feet away, though you bawl at them, says "Tip of the Tongue" in the *New York Press*, yet at the distance of a block they will grasp your faintest whisper. Some are deaf for convenience, some for fraud, some for hypocrisy. Beware the deaf man. One of the noted deaf men was old Matt Griffin, long ago an Assemblyman from Griffin's Corners, Delaware County, N. Y. By courtsey deaf members received front seats in the Assembly, while others usually draw lots. When old Matt was excused from drawing a fellow member hotly protested. "But the old man is as deaf as a post," said the House leader. "Deaf!" exclaimed the protestant. "Matt Griffin deaf! Why, bless your honest soul, he could hear a 10-cent piece rattle in a bag of feathers."—*Sel.*

Let Him do it.

There may be virtue of a kind in the class room where the teacher carefully plans all the steps of procedure, and insists on the performance of work according to her ideals; but, in educative worth, it cannot compare with that where the pupils feel the glow which comes from personal discovery and accomplishment. It is a little thing to be an imitator, a great thing to be a creator.

The father who insists on his son holding the board while he drives the nails may drive the nail well, but he who holds the board while the son drives it does better. The nail may not be so well driven, but he educates his son. Even so in the school-room the child must be permitted to do his own work. Dead time must give place to active endeavor. The child must be a discoverer, an orignator, a creator. He must be permitted to drive the nail.

It may, indeed, be quicker for the father to drive all the nails, yet the purpose of pedagogy is not to the work, but to teach the pupil how to do it. Telling the boy how to swim, or letting him stand on his bank while you swim, will never teach him the art. Let him get into the water and splash and sink. He will gain strength and skill and pleasure every time he goes under and comes spluttering up.—*Deaf Carolinian.*

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